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COURAGE!

BY

RICHARD MANSFIELD, 2ND



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C O U R A G E !



RICHARD MANSFIELD 2ND

Born April 3, 1898, at Rye, New York

Died August 3, 1918, at San Antonio, Texas

COURAGE!

By

RICHARD MANSFIELD, 2nd



"We'll change the world together—"

MOFFAT, YARD AND COMPANY
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RICHARD MANSFIELD 2nd

The son of genius seldom inherits it. But in Richard Mansfield 2nd the stars pointed to an exception. Young as he was, he had not only given promise of artistic distinction but to a considerable degree and in several fields had attained it. As an actor, at school and elsewhere, he had already exhibited much of his father's peculiar vigor and grace. As a writer, he had begun a novel and a play and had planned and partly written a collection of poems about Barakeesh.

For the journey to Barakeesh, this city of his dreams, he was always alert; and for himself and his comrades his ardor was like a magical carpet. O. Henry conceived of a caliph in disguise wandering through the ways of Manhattan. Such was Richard when he would come from Barakeesh to New York, save that the disguise could never long conceal his buoyant young pomp. And yet the poems he left are not so much of Barakeesh as of New London and its countryside, not so much of his dreams as of the real people he loved—and finally of the war's abrupt call to his heart. And they remain, a bright token of his impetuous life,

distinguished from some of the more consciously literary poems of other soldier poets by their dramatic directness, with just enough technical knowledge, by their simple human gesture, their quick fervor of boyhood, their impatient demand that life be a sure swift happy thing.

After rejections and discouragements on account of his health, Mansfield succeeded in joining the American army, and as a private in the Aviation Signal Corps died at nineteen.

In preparing this volume from the scattered material he left, I have had the help of his mother and of two poets, his friend, Anna Hempstead Branch, and his teacher, Haniel Long; and, as nearly as we could, we have selected and arranged the poems as if he were doing it and we only advising.

WITTER BYNNER.

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TO ANY OLD CRITIC

So life with all its struggles is a sham
And not worth living, all the world's a stage
On which we play our gloomy parts.
We laugh futilely, love futilely, futilely rage.
You tell me that, do you? You sneer at life.
You sneer at maids in love or somber married men,
You without love enough to take a wife.
Life is not, cannot be what you say.
The things you cynically rail at,
None of them, none of them pass away,
For I know that the very things that you decry
Are most of them just the things I love;
And when I hear you, head in air, mournfully sigh,
Why, I laugh at your sighs—that's all.

**POEMS
OF
BARAKEESH**

AN EXPLANATION

Why do I never reveal my real self to you, oh you
people?

You ask me that—

You, who have never shown me your real selves!

If I were to go about this place,

Preaching my gospel of art and beauty,

Of love and hope and faith,

You would think me mad.

Yet

When the sun goes down in Barakeesh

Gilding with unbelievable beauty

Each dome, each spire and minaret,

I would like to throw open all its seven gates

And let you in . . .

DREAMS

Dreams I weave come singing round me,
 Dreams of Barakeesh, the golden,
 Dreams of that far-distant city
 Where the naked boys run races,
 Where the poets sing wild ditties,
 Where the eagle kills the rabbit
 And the augur learns its meaning . . .
Dreams I weave come singing round me.

A DREAM OF COURAGE ✓

I thought — I dreamed — and in my strange deep sleep,

An angel came to me and told me of a maid

Who in a garden far a watch did keep

For the one man who never was afraid.

And lo, I rose and turned to him and said:

"I am that man. Lead on — Is the maid fair?"

The angel answered: "Feared you, were you dead?"

"No," murmured I. "God's punishment to bear,

Is right. I've sinned and yet He will forgive."

The angel smiled, "And feared you never me?"

"No!" shouted I, "In sorrow we all live.

Some more, some less. And when I die, I go

Out of this world into a brighter one."

Then, said the angel, "Feared you ever pain?"

"No," told I him,— "What use to scream or run?

In God's hands we all are. His is the greater gain."

Methought I saw within his eye a tear.

The angel turned and these five words he spoke,

With down-cast eyes: "And feared you ever fear?"

I could not answer, crying — I awoke!

THE STAR MAIDEN

Gently she smiled on me
And I knew wonder,
She that they could not see,
They so far under . . .

Where is the star I found
Fallen at even?
Glimmering in the ground
One out of seven . . .

A LAMENT FOR ARCADY

To W. B.

Oh, that I were in Arcady — in Arcady, in Arcady
Where leaves are green and hearts are light
And one is ever gay and free
And the moon is merry all the night!
But I am not in Arcady — dear Arcady — your
Arcady,
Along whose sweet elm-bordered lanes
The poet and Celia one could see.
With what loved pleasures and dear pains
You passed the time in Arcady — fair Arcady —
your Arcady!
But Grenstone is alas, too far
For the poor tired feet of me.
Like some pure, distant, hopeless star,
'Tis further yet from Arcady.
I know the way to Barakeesh with minarets that
gleam all gold.
Its seven gates I nightly pass,
And there my loved one I enfold.
In Barakeesh there is no grass
But only sands and rocks and palms,

Where fitful storms and cold and heat
Are pressed by still more fitful calms.
And there is grass in Arcady — green grass — wet
 grass in Arcady.
The walls are grey in Arcady,
In Barakeesh the walls are white,
But Barakeesh belongs to me
And camels there begin their flight.
Its seven gates are open wide —
To Barakeesh I'll be your guide . . .
Well though I love your Arcady.

THE LANTERN BEARER

Darkness in Barakeesh
And a lantern that swings in the wind,
Only my little Bronze God can see
Through the lantern bearer's mind.
Though they say that the priests in the mosque
declare
That Allah is always kind,
The lantern bearer at sunset prayed
On the mosque's rug strewn floor
And he wept and cast dust on his head
Ere he passed through the open door,
And it seemed that a voice within him cried,
"Allah, no more! no more!
Only without these great grey walls
Where the lizards sleep all day
And the caravans pass in the evening
Towards Bagdad, the always gay,
Is the slender wraith of a certain maid
Whose body is far away . . ."
In the Governor's palace there is a court
Called the Court of the Setting Sun
In that court are many flowers
And there faint waters run,
And thither the Governor goes to rest

When his day of toil is done,
Why should the lantern bearer think
Of that flower-circled square?
He has never seen the ruler's court,
With its ornaments a-flare,
For a hundred guardian blackamoors
Tell him he may not dare.

.
I truly know that the bearer sighed,
For the Bronze God told me so.
The night he sighed, at shoulder arms
I was pacing to and fro.
But the little God told me the story
And that's how I came to know
That Nourime, the Governor's daughter,
Slept with a red, red rose,
And that Muskai, the lantern bearer,
Died of a thousand blows.
But what meaning the rose and his death had,
Only the Bronze God knows.

THE LITTLE BRONZE GOD

In distant Barakeesh by the desert, twilight is falling.

In distant Barakeesh by the desert, someone is calling.

In the dusk the passionate perfumed jasmine dreamily breathes

Midst the slow faint ensorcelling flutter of leaves.

In distant Barakeesh where the caravans pass, is a wall where the jasmine grows;

Set into that perfumed wall is a window that only the Bronze God knows.

As the caravans grumble and grunt on the road to Istamboul,

The night wind blows on the latticed wall to keep the jasmine cool.

There's a face that only the Bronze God knows, a face at the window there;

No one save the little Bronze God knows if the face be fair,

What songs are sung under that window in the soft and well-starred night,

What hand stretches forth to the lovely face that shines in blue moonlight.

IMPROMPTU

Who is the Lady Micomicona?
And is she very fair?
All day long she follows me,
I feel her everywhere.

She terrifies me, for I hear
She has her hounds in leash!
Allah be praised it is not far
From here to Barakeesh!

THE LONE FAUN

Grey morn and half veiled mist
From the valley rise . . .
Something move in the bushes . . . Hist!
What is that that sighs?
Cloud-lifting, weary and purple,
The mist rises over the hill,
Someone . . . sure . . . moved in the
 murkle;
Someone has drunk by the rill.
Who is it danced in the morning's dew?
What is that pounding of feet
In the brush . . . and that call strange and new?
But, oh! oh! so clear and sweet?
Something tickles all down my spine,
And I tremble with beautiful awe.
The branches life up for a sign—
Some crows drift away, crying "Caw."
Faun . . . Faun . . . I know you now for
 sure.
You have come back to stay,
Could not resist the magical lure
Of the hills . . . at the break o' day.
Say, Faun, are there more
Of your friends with the prancing hoofs?—
Those who never passed through a door

Nor who slept beneath roofs
Save the blue arched roof of the sky?
If there are, oh, Faun — call them back.
What is that? Did I hear a sigh?
So soft . . . so faint . . . Oh! alack!
Are you alone, then? No answer . . . He's
gone.
But he understood well, I think . . . See,
He has left an answer—Oak, ash and thorn!
Meaning just . . . "I'll come back—Wait for
me."

PAN AND THE HERDBOY

The hills were blue and veiled with mist,
There was no wind at all.
I had met by chance—by chance had kissed—
By chance had learned the call . . .

The strange clear call that sounds at eve
Or on Walpurgis night,
And at its sound the herdsmen leave
Their flocks in trembling flight.

The hills were tall and very blue,
The fields were swathed in fog.
I'd knowledge of things I never knew
As I called above the bog.

For with the breath of spring and the passionate
white hot flame,
Out of the purple mist, laughing, breathless, sweet
she came.
And the old god's power was in me, and I spake the
magic runes
And, straightway, bog and hill and field awoke with
wondrous tunes.
Pan's pipes, they chuckled sweetly, and I kissed her
mouth and eyes,

While the music poured from out the hills, and oh
but it was wise,
Wise with the wisdom of godhood and strange with
ancient youth,
It was old as the hills it came from and full of the
hill's own truth.
But the girl in my arms was trembling and her eyes
were full of tears,
For the passionate dream-tone music rang piteous in
her ears.
"Oh gods are not always happy," the music seemed
to cry,
"Though they know not either right nor wrong,
they sometimes wish to die.
"For the goblins all have hidden and the lepre-
chauns are fled
"And for lack of mortal loyalty the pixies now are
dead.
"Only a few pale fairies dance in the twilight hours,
"Only a leprechaun or two wake mid the purple
flowers.
"But Pan still pipes in the heather" . . . then
I led the maid away,
For it is not good to be with a girl mid the hills at
the close of day,
When Pan, he mourns in the purple hills, it is not
right to stay.

JACK HARLEY, RESPECTABLE

The dim little shadows creep timidly out of corners,

The dim little shadows creep timidly back into corners,

They shift and tremble and quiver—

They are cowardly, terrified, fearstricken, timorous shadows,

They are the souls of respectable men.

.

Jack Harley was, when a youth of eighteen summers,

Young, gay, good-lucking, and the life

Of his small home town. In fact once a party of mummers

Playing, at the opera house, some tale of strife,

Some melodrama, urged him to join their cast,

Saying that as the manager of a New England farm

He was wasted. But he refused. 'He wasn't fast

Enough,' he told them. As he grew older he knew no harm

Nor hate towards man or woman. Later his parents died,

One soon after the other. And Jack was sad

And grieved quite properly . . . But he sometimes sighed,

"Oh for some youth, some life! Am I a cad
To wish for all these things just when they are
dead?"

He did not know. He only knew he wanted youth,
And lights, laughter, and frolic. To his friends he
said,

"I'm rusting off here, friends, and that's the truth."
His neighbors said: "Now Jack, don't you be crazy.
Boy, you stay right here and mind your dad's old
place.

May be it's just because you're so almighty lazy.
Go get a wife. Sue Haskins has a pretty face.
And she can cook and sew, and knit as well."
Poor Jack . . . He listened to them and he
wasted time

In his attention to the things they'd tell.
They said it was a gosh almighty crime
He didn't settle down. He was too young
And sensitive to branch out, change his ways.
The dreadful roots of custom round him clung
And so, in time—in less than sixty days—
He popped the question. Sue, she answered yes.
And they were married. And he worked the farm
Year in, year out. Though sometimes he'd confess
That the city still held for him its old time charm,
Yet he had no time. Sue, she had babies four.
The farm demanded work. And so he paid sadly
His price for peace. Drudgery, work and then more

Rust and stagnation. Oh, he would very gladly
Pay his dime to see some cheap poor show!
So he grew older, worn, tired . . . The price
was paid
In full. One day . . . They told Sue he would
soon go.
She told the folks his last words were . . . "I
was afraid."

.
The dim little shadows creep timidly out of corners,
The dim little shadows creep timidly back into corners,
They shift and tremble and quiver—
They are cowardly, terrified, fearstricken, timorous
shadows,
They are the souls of respectable men.

A DREADFUL HERITAGE

It was there . . . It was with him again.
It had a habit of turning up at odd moments
When he did not want it.

He was a friend of mine. It made him ill
And finally killed him. Before he died,
He called me to him and told me about It.
He left It to me. I thought I could manage It.
So when he passed into the grey beyond,
I took It in charge.

My God! I did not know . . . I did not know.
Every night It sits on the edge of my bed
And talks to me.

It talks of Economics and Philosophy.

It talks of Law and Ethics.

It talks of Machinery and Literature.

It talks of the Uplift of the Drama.

It talks of pretty girls.

I don't mind when it talks of other things . . .

But

When it talks about the pretty girls

I draw the line. They say that I am mad.

I don't care. Perhaps I am. It follows me every-
where.

My friend left me a dreadful heritage.

THE THIRTEENTH POEM IN BERMUDA

Twelve poems have I written, since I have been
here,

And all of them have been more or less about
love;

Love of a girl, love of life, love of anything sacred
or dear.

Love of the glorious earth beneath, the holy sky
above.

But this, the thirteenth poem I have written on this
Isle,

Shall be a poem of the most bitter hate:

Hate of fools, hate of silly persons who talk a long
while

About nothing in particular, or persons who are
always late;

Hate of tall men who talk loudly of their strength,
Of charming women who talk loudly of their
weakness;

Hatred of girls who wear gowns of great length,
Hatred of ministers who make capital of meek-
ness.

Hate of liars who do not know how to lie;

Especially hate of children who behave themselves at tea;
Hatred of men who do not know how to die;
Hatred of writers who have not the strength to see;
Hate of badly-cooked, dirty, or ill-smelling food;
Hate of loneliness caused by stern convention's creed;
Hatred of people who positively enjoy being good;
Hatred of women, thin, cheerless, and full of greed;
Hate of anything or anyone that gets in my way;
Hate of someone wise or gloomy when I would be gay;
Hate of a pretty girl who hasn't anything to say;
And, last of all, hate of an ill-spent day.

EVENING

The lingering shadows fall. Soon comes the night,
The hills, the valleys, fade from out my sight,
And man turns home again.
A little gentle wind makes music strange.
Upon the fields the sunset colors change.
I hear a sweet refrain.
On earth peace is. In heaven quiet too.
The little stars peep from the vault of blue;
And my heart wanders home
As evening comes, as day its parting takes.
The moonlight silvers over streams and lakes.
I smell the scented loam.
Then I arise and turn and wend my way
Musing on that sweet bygone day
Which never will return. It makes me cry . . .
And yet another comes — in which — to try.

ON A HILL-TOP

You were a child and I was a child
On the hill top brown and bare,
Your hair was blown and your eyes were wild
As we talked on the hilltop there.

You were a child and I was a child
Watching the smoke-wreaths drift,
You gave me your heart on that windswept hill,
Though I had not begged the gift.

You were a child and I was a child
And the spring was in our veins,
The fire leapt from the valley dim
To burn our bridle reins.

You were a child and I was a child
Watching the smoke arise . . .
It drifted over the hilltop's brim
Into the somber skies.

Yes, we were children together
Watching the smoke-wreaths drift,
And I gave back your heart on the hilltop . . .
Would God I had kept the gift.

THE LOST PLAYMATE

We played together, you and I, on the hills
By the blue, blue sea;
We ran down the slopes, laughing together,
You were dear to me.
I can still remember your exquisite laugh,
How you were gay;
Your face, with cameo clearness, comes before me,
And all that day
You and I, we frolicked side by side.
I kissed your dear pale cheek.
You laughed . . . and kissed me back.
Then we played hide and seek,
You were to hide, and I was to find you;
So I closed my eyes,
Counted five hundred by tens, so impatient I was,
and then I rose
Beneath the star-flecked skies
To seek you . . . I knew I'd keep you when I
found you.
So I looked everywhere.
The night was very calm and mild,
Hardly a breath of air
Stirred, and yet I felt a vague sort of terror
Steal into my heart;

I called you, and when the sound of my voice came
back to me,
It made me start
With fear . . . I looked for you a long, long
time—
I have not found you yet;
But you kissed my lips and held me close to you,
I never shall forget . . .
And I know that some day not yet to be, in the
future,
I shall see you by my side
Again. And, oh, my dear, lost gladsome playmate,
This time you will not hide.

I WAITED FOR MY BELOVED

I waited for my beloved in the dew of the early morning, and from the door of my cottage I could hear a thrush . . .

I waited for my beloved in the heat of noon, and from outside my latticed window a shrill cicada called . . .

I waited for my beloved in the cool of the early evening, and from the dusk outside I heard some dog a-howling . . .

I waited for my beloved in the dead dark midnight, and from the sky above I saw a star fall . . .

And my beloved came to me . . .

HILDRETH RETURNS

All I'd ever give you,
All I could bestow
Yours is for the asking
That I'm sure you know.

Trees are fair in summer,
Winter brings them pain;
Summer's when you're near me,
When you're back again.

FROM A WINDOW

Silently the shadows fall,
The moonlight glimmers on the wall . . .
"Ah, come to me," I hear you call,
 My own true love.
Your mouth is pressed soft against mine,
Your kisses taste like scented wine,
Our love is like a strengthening vine,
 My dearest one.
My eyes are filled with unshed tears . . .
What though life changes with the years,
Why talk of useless hopes or fears,
 My sweet wild rose?
So thus my heart is yours to keep;
The hill of life is high and steep,
Love's depths are wonderful and deep.
You laugh—and then you fain would weep.
To-night within my arms you sleep,
 My own sweet maid.

NIGHT OF SPRINGTIDE

The moonlight filters o'er the dark, dark grass,
Across the light strange shadows drift and pass.
I feel the call of night within me rise
And, thinking, dreaming, shed all earthly ties.
A voice I hear—a song divine outpours
In mystic glory—into the night it soars.
My lips tremble, tears stand, then roll
Down my cheeks. Sorrow takes toll.
Then the song changes. Light and free,
It throbs a gay clear message unto me.
And then the voice is mute and still.
The moon goes slowly down behind the hill.
Amid the wood rustles a little breeze . . .
Oh, for a thousand, thousand nights like these!

EVENING AND MORNING

The shadows deepen . . .
The poplars sigh as a wind passes through,
The world grows darker . . .
After sunset the sky turns a deeper blue,
A faint white mist comes creeping up from the
 sea,
Light begins to show here and there,
I can hear the birds settling to rest at the top of
 the old pine tree,
There is a gathering coolness in the air . . .
Then two soft hands in mine as you return to me.

A shifting light on my doorstep . . .
The gentle murmur of waves on the sandy beach,
The twitter of birds in the branches . . .
Blue water, unclouded heaven as far as the eye
 can reach,
Here and there the delicate sail of a fishing smack
 shows,
The gulls scream over the water's unbroken blue,
For there's scarcely a ripple, so soft the wind
 blows . . .
And I turn from my doorstep to breakfast and
 you.

A WIND

My thoughts of you are beautiful and pure.
What else, of you, could any thinking be?
A whispering wind that brings me perfect peace . . .
My will grows stronger, masterful and sure,
My love for you is like a cedar tree.
Long years I've sought you like a golden fleece.

The earth, the sky, the ocean, each and all
Assist my love and show me yours in turn.
There is a bird that sings to me each day,
His voice, though harsher, gives your own sweet
 call,
And helps to soothe and ease my passion's burn . . .
You have not gone away——

A LANTERN IN BARAKEESH

There's a golden light in the west to-night
Brighter than ever before,
There's a warm breeze out of the south tonight
Sweeping my cottage door;
And Hildreth sends me a kiss to-night,
So I send her back one more.

There's a window that waits unclosed to-night
In a home with a strange dear name,
Yes, a latticed window gleams to-night
For one who seldom came,
And a lantern in Barakeesh shines to-night
With a pale exultant flame.

I am all alone in my room to-night
And a cold wind moans outside,
I shall dream of Hildreth's arms to-night
And think not of time nor tide,
Yet I know when I dreamed of her last night—
In the darkness someone sighed.

VALSE TRISTE

From a Composition by Ralph Lawton

The music rises
The diners pause in eating,
Faintly the violins begin their wail,
The waltz seems to call out a greeting to them,
The music tells them a well-known tale.
Only among the diners, who rising, begin to dance,
Are two apart from the rest . . . one a man,
 dark, strong and tall
The other a woman, lovely, slender, and pale, at
 whom the people glance
As they dip and sway to the waltz's magic call.
She unwilling yet forced by herself, is led to the
 polished floor.
He bends over her, passionate, devouring, holding
 her tight.
She unresisting succumbs to the spell of another
 hectic eve.
They hover and turn and swirl in the waltz's dreamy
 night.
Her eyes are clouded with other thoughts, yet the
 floor she cannot leave.
Later after more wine has been drunk and other
 dances danced,

He will call his carriage and help her in and drive
off gloomily,
Watching the slow rise and fall of her breasts by
one gleaming jewel enhanced,
Then at the door of his house he will kiss her lips
and feel her body sway . . .
And, knowing the night is over, she will hate the
inevitable end—
Remembering other evenings like this one, and
other mornings just a gray,
As her hair falls about her shoulders and he feels
her body sway.

LAMENT

In the silver moonlight a jewel's gleaming
By the rippling fountain someone's dreaming,
The wind through the tall, tall tree is sighing,
By the fountain a love is slowly dying.

In the silver moonlight a heart is breaking,
By the rippling fountain a wound is aching,
On the hills a shepherd's voice is calling,
In the black night a star is falling.

GOLD FLAME

Gold flame lifting across a sullen sea,
Red lightning-gleams across a shuddering sky,
A rush of wind bending the tallest tree,
And no one knows the reason—only I.

Where have you been this long eternal while?
What did you do after you left the town?
What were your thoughts, girl with the strange
dark smile?
With gold-lit hair, grey eyes and ragged gown.

We did not know what thoughts had filled your
head.

We never knew the man whose lips you kissed.
We did not know if you were quick or dead.
We only knew one thing—that you were missed.

Now you are back. And I have seen you stand
On the far downs close by the sea, and cry,
Your white face hidden in your trembling hand,
And no one knows the reason—only I.

THE REFUGEE

There is a girl called Ruth
In whose heart beauty lives
And in whose sad eyes truth
Gleams out and comfort gives.

To Barakeesh she came
Seeking a different land,
For in her soul a flame
Burned till she could not stand—

She could not stand alone;
To Barakeesh she fled . . .
The world cannot atone
For all the things it said.

The world is harsh and stern,
It cannot, will not see
That the fair gentle fern
Is mighty as the tree.

And so it cuts and hacks,
Across the cup of tea,
It does not know it lacks
A sort of purity.

TWO SAD GREY EYES

Two sad grey eyes that sought for strength and aid,
That sheen of golden hair . . . the face so pale,
Quiet and still the form. Poor gentle slender
maid . . .

And are the grey eyes seeking in some vale
For one who said, ah, many a sweet wild thing?
Is she waiting to meet him in some field,
Mid pale strange flowers where the dead birds sing?
And when she finds him—will the grey eyes yield
Their newborn, deathborn, passion, as on that day
To him who kissed and, laughing, rode away?

THE FIRST KISS

You will remember, no doubt, having once been young, the day when first you kissed her. You were taking her home, or you were calling on her, or you met her accidentally—it does not matter how.

Suddenly, a wild, sweet, strange feeling stole through your whole body and throbbed in your veins. Some mystic voice seemed to murmur subtly in your ear: "Do it now . . . now . . . now!" And just as suddenly you found your arms about her waist and her eyes gazing steadfastly into yours. You will remember that there was a queer, little smile in the corner of her lips. There . . . with the bewilderment of that which knows no awakening . . . your lips met . . . your souls for one blissful, never-to-be-forgotten moment crashed together, and you were in heaven. The next moment she had escaped from you . . . had fled . . . had run into the house. You walked home with your blood on fire and your heart singing a delicious song of triumph. . . . And you dreamed of her all night long.

AWAY TO NEW ENGLAND

I am coming back. I am coming back
Once more to those meadows and fields.
I will return to that well-worn track,
To all that the country yields.

And my heart is full of hope most high
That the maid who waits at the end,
Must feel my body drawing nigh
And knows that myself I send.

Yet Barakeesh is not so far
As her elm-bordered street,
And the beauty of a distant star
Is less than when we meet.

POEMS
OF
THE
WAR

AT DINNER IN THE CLUB WITH SOME PALS

The orchestra is playing the first and second movements

Of the Ballet Egyptien. It makes me yearn for Barakeesh.

Barakeesh! Barakeesh! How I long for you.

You do not know about the war.

Little you care for Russia's attitude.

You know nothing of the Alpine battles.

Little you care for the blood and pain of Flanders.

And I doubt whether the men of Britain,

Driving toward Bagdad,

Have ever come within thinking distance

Of your turreted walls, and huge well-guarded gates.

Yet—in an English lane,

There is a cottage

And in it an old woman

With a young girl beside her

Weeping before a faded photograph of a cheery youth

In the uniform of a sergeant in the Yorkshires.

And I—who have felt Nourime's lip on mine,
Long to be where I can bring
Some comfort to that couple
In the English cottage,
And the place is not in Barakeesh,
No—it is elsewhere—
In a redoubt on the Marne.

THE FACE IN THE WATER

The north wind is blowing
And so I am sighing,
So many are going
So many are dying.

The world is bewildered,
Torn and distracted,
Dazed and befuddled,
By long war protracted.

Colder and colder
The icicles shiver,
And older and older
Grows the corpse by the river.

Eyes that spoke clearly,
Lips that so beckoned,
She we loved dearly . . .
Little we reckoned.

Noises and crying,
A scream from her chamber,
A grey soldier lying,
Ah, well we remember.

An officer takes her,
Aided by others,
An ague shakes her,
Where are their mothers?

Swift flows the river
Running so cleanly,
Lo! the stream is the giver,
She did not die meanly.

And yet they are weeping . . .
The water runs over
Where she is sleeping,
The stream is her lover,

Her heart is not beating
As once it did strongly,
But it is not greeting
A grey lover wrongly.

SONG OF THE ARTISTS

It is no longer the Latin Quarter,
It is no longer those happy faces,
Seen through a pale blue haze—
Marie, a cigarette held delicately in her slender
 fingers,
Dorothy smiling at a bottle of Chianti,
And Jack, my chum, holding forth on the subject
 of Sarah, the Divine.
It is no longer the Latin Quarter—
It is no longer those happy faces.

.

We felt something surge within us
 And we leapt forth to the fray.
We left our books and paintings
 To laugh at the German Day.
We left our sculpture and drawings,
 Our plays and poems and tales,
To fight in a dirty uniform
 And to brave the winter gales.

We felt that the blood of our brothers,
 Brothers and sisters too,
Called us away from our studios
 To prove our hearts were true.

Deep from the trenches of Flanders
There sounds a ringing call,
"A bas les Boches! Come forward!"
We came and gave our all.

Oh, the fires are lit on the Flanders plains
And the star-shells streak the sky.
Only those who have seen them know
How the artists have learned to die—
For the smoke lifts grey o'er the Flanders plains
And the ground is streaked with red.
Little did we, who were as gods,
Think of lying in such a bed.

Many of us are fallen;
We are cold, and starved and mad—
We have left our work and pleasures
But we've given all we had.
And the Hun, from out his dugout,
Seeing our torn blue line,
Seeing those strange, wild faces,
Yearns for his friendly Rhine.

We have buried our comrades, one by one,
We are wounded, sick and thin—
Yet, some fool on a battered soap-box
Mouths that it was a sin:
Let him wear a khaki overcoat,

Put him in the line of fire,
Let him hear the yell of the mealy-mouthed Hun—
And he'll know that he stood a liar.

They talk of peace and they talk of love
And they seek to end the war—
But the artists laugh a grim, short laugh
And load their guns once more.
When the fires are lit on the Flanders plains
And the star-shells streak the sky—
Go tell your friend on the city street
Where the artists' bodies lie.

.
It is no longer the Latin Quarter,
It is no longer those pale, blue faces
Seen through a pale blue haze.

Marie is playing somewhere for the Red Cross.
Sari has lost a lover and knits sweaters.
Jack, my chum, is flying at the front—for France—
It is no longer the Latin Quarter.
It is no longer those happy faces.

MEMORIES

Written upon hearing of the death of his best friend, Lieutenant Jack Wright, a boy of 18, who fell in an aeroplane accident in France.

It's a face in the crowd as you're passing by;
It's the turn of a head that will catch your eye;
It's a gay refrain that will make you sigh,
Memories — memories — we all must die.

The hotel lobby is gold and red,
And you catch yourself thinking of things he said,
And a girl comes near, with a turn of her head—
He'd have liked her, too,—but he is dead.

So the flowers will grow by his grave some day,
And the world goes on with its work and play;
But I catch myself humming a song that's gay.
It's how he would like to have died—that way!

HE IS DEAD MY BELOVED!

Put it behind you—all this regretting,
The deed is done—there's no need to weep,
Cease, I beg of you, cease this fretting,
Only calm yourself and rest and sleep.

I know as well as they what he was to you—
Warm and desiring, passionate, proud,
Standing up boldly, honest and true to you,
Yet holding himself just aloof from the crowd.

Say would he wish it thus, seeing you weeping?
If your tears brought him back, then I'd let you
weep on.

Sleep and perchance he'll return to you sleeping—
Dreams often bring to you one who is gone.

Death's not so fearful to part you asunder,
Woman is weak but man's not more strong.
Death's just a perfect and beautiful wonder,
So cry not, weep not, for weeping is wrong.

Raise yourself then and go on with your work,
That is the duty you cannot gainsay,
The brave are the sunny, it's weaklings that shirk . . .
Yours be the laurel wreath—his be the bay!

THE SERVICE FLAG

A square of white on a square of red—a square of white—stainless white—on a square of flaming scarlet—and in the center a blue star.

They hang on flagstaffs. They adorn hotel lobbies. They wave from shop windows. They are flaunted from the porches of private houses. They are the Service Flags!

Happy the home that possesses one. Sorry the day when the men of the house do not earn the houses' right to flaunt the emblem. And joyous the thoughts of the youths and men who, returning, behold the symbol of their sacrifice.

He was a youth of some one and twenty summers. His face was a dingy mottled grey. He liked to shoot craps on the Court House steps and leer at the girls from the threshold of Harris' Drug Store—then the draft got him.

A square of white on a square of red, and in the center a blue star. It hung lazily, proudly—this new flag, from an improvised flagstaff, in front of the youth's mean little house, in a mean little street—his sister learned to speak of "my brother in the Army."

It was a dirty trench in front of a wire entanglement in France. All day long the German guns had

pounded the Yankee line. All day long their shells had shrieked and hovered over the heads of the troops in khaki, and had searched their trenches, the barrage!

Over the top with the best o' luck and give them Hell! An officer raises his cane. With twelve hundred other figures, the youth leaps forward. Yells, shots, smoke, pandemonium! They are across—they are there! They have gained the enemy trench.

They buried the youth at dawn in a little grave behind the lines, and they spoke in lowered tones of the manner in which he had captured the German colors, sheathed almost indistinguishable in their water-proof casings in their Headquarters dug-out. , "He was some boy," they murmured as the rifles crashed thrice across his grave.

It's a square of white on a square of red. And in the center is a blue star. They are very proud—the houses that they adorn. The scarlet for the blood that we shed; the white for the stainless purity of our cause: the blue star—our star of hope for our loyalty—unswerving faith. Gentlemen! the Service Flag.

THEY WOULD NOT HAVE HIM

They would not have him.

All the long weeks of patient training and of eager
work,

His own firm loyalty to his country's flag,

His record with his company that told the tale,

Counted as nothing beside the examiner's curt
verdict,

They would not have him.

In his too bright imagination he had seen

The star shells burst above his own platoon,

Heard his own voice call out its curt commands,

Seen his own hand deal blows that brought down
many a Hun.

"What was the good?" he mused almost aloud,

He'd offered himself, and he had been refused.

He knew his comrades all were there—fighting for
right,

Fighting for justice—and he stayed behind.

They would not have him.

Yet the chance would come.

Some day the call would be sent out again.

Some day his name would come before the board
once more

And all his hopes, his poems, his dreams at last
come true;

He'd have his chance to prove his loyalty,
Shoulder to shoulder with the nation's best.
And if he were to fall, he'd do so smiling,
Knowing in his joy—they'd taken him at last,
They'd have him then.

A SONG OF VENGEANCE

The night is dark,
There is no light—no light!
All the world is dark,
The night is dark . . .
It is no ordinary darkness, this.
Even the moon trembles and hides her face,
Pale, trembling moon, shivering behind warm
clouds,
I do not blame you.
I, too, fear to look upon the sights you hide from.
Yet I must do it—for I am a man
And I must avenge!
Revenge! Revenge! That is a word I never knew
till now.
Death and red blood seemed very distant once.
I have known love.
I have felt kisses soft upon my lips.
I have felt bodies warm against my own,
I have looked into eyes tender and lit with love,
I have fought boyishly, half laughing as I did so,
But this—this game of killing my fellow men is
new to me.
Still—are they my fellow men?
That is a question difficult to answer:
Are they my fellow men, these things, these Huns?

Partners all in a danse macabre of lusty killing,
Rapers of women,
Breakers of oaths,
Butchers of babes—
I doubt it.
If these are my fellow men,
Better the apes from whom they tell me I descend!

Yes, I will slay, and it shall be no crime,
For in this darkness I can see the eyes,
The eyes of virgins with their virtue robbed,
The eyes of heroes treacherously stabbed,
The eyes of hostages killed for their gaolers'
 pleasure,
The eyes of murdered children,
The eyes of boys who never shot a gun,
The eyes of aged women and old men,
The eyes of countless hundreds tortured to their
 graves,
Those eyes call out for vengeance!
They whisper eagerly to me in the quiet of my
 room;
They call out from the shadows when I walk
 abroad;
They gibber at me no matter where I go.
Vengeance! They claim it as their due.
Vengeance! It is their right, their wage.
Vengeance! If it is not theirs, it is not God's.
Vengeance! And we shall give it them.

Those murdered babes of wrongly sunken ships,
Those crucified of Belgium and of France—
They shall have vengeance.
Coldly, quietly, almost with half a smile,
We come, youths of the New World eager for the
 fray—
They shall have vengeance,
And we—we youths of the New World—we shall
 give it them!

SOMEDAY

To H. S. H.

Little girl I love with heart aflame,
Will the times come back and be the same
As before I took up war's great game?

The shadows are thick round the barrack walls,
Over the sound a curlew calls,
On the roofs the white snow gently falls.

There are no streets that gleam and shine,
There are no heart beats close to mine.
Hush! an organ near plays Auld Lang Syne.

"Come back to your New London fields, come back
to all your mist-filled dreams,
Come back to all love surely yields, the meadows
call you—and the streams.
It's Barakeesh in flower tide—in summer tide—in
flowertide.

Come back to your own fireside, it's Barakeesh
that's calling you.

O Grenstone Town is close beside" . . . And yet
the bugle ringing true —

"Someday—" the bugle fiercely cried, "someday,
you'll learn to love me too!"

Little girl who gave me your lips to kiss,
Little girl whom I bitterly, sadly miss,
I am keeping still my dream of bliss.

The shadows are dark by the flagstaff bare
And the moon wakes subtle shadows there;
Khaki is black 'neath the pale moon's stare.

Someday the flowers will bloom again;
For blood will not be shed in vain,
Flowers can only bloom through pain.

"Come back to your dear city streets. Come back to
all the things you know.

Only when loved one loved one meets, is happiness.

Why did you go?

Come back to Barakeesh and love. Come back to
voices soft and low.

For there the sky is blue above. Oh boy—you
didn't have to go!"

But where the flag flaps in the breeze, he said, "I
heard the bugle blow,

It took me from my life of ease, I will come back,
I had to go!"

TO THE MORNING-SUNRISE

I was cold, but now I am so no longer.

I was tired and ill, but now I am myself again.

My feet were trembling and feeble, but now I walk with the captains and the leaders of men.

For I have looked into your eyes and I have felt your lips on mine.

I was afraid of many things, but now if you were to bid me open the door to death himself, I would smile and obey you.

I was selfish and thought only of myself, but now it seems my sole duty is to accomplish your desire.

Soon it may be that I shall go to my death, and because I know but little, death is strange to me. Yet I care not.

For I have felt your arms about my neck and your hair has brushed against my cheek.

Oh, my beloved, walk with me yet. Do not depart from me, for your eyes are as an untroubled pool from which no living thing has drunk. Your eyes are like an untroubled pool by moonlight.

Oh, one to whom I have given my heart—do not throw it away. For I am indeed most utterly lost if you do not keep my heart.

Though well I know it was very dirty and foul, through much rolling and gambolling in the mud, yet have you washed it.

With your tears you have washed the mud and dust away. And with your fair white hands you have moulded it even into the shape of a true and loyal heart.

I would speak of your hair even as I have spoken of your eyes, oh, my beloved, but words come not when I would speak of your hair. Yet because I love you—only God knows how dearly—I will try.

Your hair is golden, and very soft and fine. It curls about the slender column of your neck in little tendrils and it shimmers with an allurements, with a very sweet allurements, so that I would fain press my lips to that golden hair, and keep them there a long, long time.

My beloved, I am yours. Even though you close your doors against me, and your father's servants thrust me from the gates, yet am I yours. If your God is not my God, then will I forsake my God, whom I am loath to leave, for indeed he was a very merry God, a God of laughter and singing, of maidens and wine, yet will I leave him, and cleave unto your God.

All that I have is yours, and I live but to win your smile.

For you are my beloved, and I am your man.

IF YOU WILL TAKE THIS LIFE

If you will take this life and build it up,
Fill to the brim my happiness' clear cup,
With your sweet strength I will the nobler be
And some of your dear wealth infuse in me.

Keep yet my hand.
Do not release it. Let it still hold yours.
Keep yet my heart.
Do not release it. Wear it on your breast.
Keep yet my life.

AFTER THE WAR

After the War! How far away that seems!
After the War! The goal of all our dreams.
After the War! Is that time near or far?
After the War! Oh, happy distant star!

After the War! And your lips find my own.
After the War! And all our cares have flown.
After the War! The world at last at rest.
After the War! Hildreth, we'll build our nest.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

The king, he sits in his chamber high,
With a hundred faithful courtiers by . . .
What matters it if the soldiers die?
 'Tis all for King and Country!

Outside is heard the bugles' blare;
The band is playing a lively air.
See how the burghers stop to stare . . .
 'Tis all for King and Country!

What matters it if far away,
In the trenches, they're dying every day?
While they're dying, hear them say:
 'Tis all for King and Country!

Over the wires comes the news,
That this is a battle our enemies lose—
But our men they die in the bloody ooze,
 'Tis all for King and Country!

The King, he smiles that the news 'is good;
His men are dying for lack of food—
But it doesn't matter—when understood
 'Tis all for King and Country!

But for mothers who weep and for babes who cry
And for girls who wait, and for men who die,
Led to their death by a noble lie,
There'll be a reckoning by and by!
To be met by King and Country!

THE STAR

Let us fight on. So let us always be—always.
A smile on the face, the hand thus held outstretched,
Eyes clear and head held high. Thus may we be,
Thus ever. Let us fight on. Things changed we
often see.

Let's help to change them—not stand idly by
In careless attitude. Let the world laugh or cry—
What is it all to us? Ours is the fight.

Ours is the nobler deed . . . nobler by far
Because we gaze and, gazing, see a star.

Who knows, we may soon find if it is there.

Let's look. Only those find who looking seek, and
dare.

And the star found—let's share it with the earth
And smile in sharing. There's too great a dearth
Of gratitude and generous hearts hereby.

Let's give and give and give until we die.

We'll speak the truth and face things with a smile.

Things are the better for it. Who knows, in some
brief while

All may be different—we the changers, too.

We'll change the world together—I—and you!

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